

Beep Beep, Richie, Your Heart is Showing. by MooLin

Category: IT (2017), IT - Stephen King

Genre: Alternate Universe - High School, Bakery and Coffee Shop, Bill Denbrough & Eddie Kaspbrak Are Best Friends, Bill Denbrough Doesn't Stutter, Bill Denbrough is a Good Friend, Bisexual Richie Tozier, Eddie Kaspbrak Loves Richie Tozier, Eddie Kaspbrak is a Mess, Eddie Kaspbrak is a Tease, Everyone Thinks They're Together, Fluff, Fluff and Angst, Gay Eddie Kaspbrak, Internalized Homophobia, Light Angst, M/M, Minor Bill Denbrough/Stamley Uris, Not Canon Compliant, Oblivious Eddie Kaspbrak, Richie Tozier Loves Eddie Kaspbrak, Richie Tozier Needs a Hug, Richie Tozier is a Little Shit, Soft Richie Tozier, Stamley Uris Knows All, Swearing, Texting, after a certain point everyone just starts calling eddie richies bf, the only clown here is you

Language: English

Characters: Beverly Marsh, Bill Denbrough, Eddie Kaspbrak, Richie Tozier, Stamley Uris

Relationships: Bill Denbrough/Stamley Uris, Eddie Kaspbrak/Richie Tozier, Minor or Background Relationship(s)

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Summary:

Eddie is failing his advanced chemistry class due to missing almost 2 weeks of school, and due to this Eddie needs tutoring, Richie offers his number to help him after them reconnecting on a walk home from school, rekindling their friendship. The only problem, Eddie has had a crush on Richie ever since he was 13. Now, he's 17 and filled with a lot more hormones with a side of teenage angst. And Richie just won't stop flirting.

Or

The gay reddie texting/high school au no one asked for but everyone needed.

1. Chapter 1

Author's Note:

I watched it chapter 2 again with my friends and I need to cure my sadness so I'm writing another fanfiction because I have commitment issues when it comes to fics

Okay, it's not that hard, he can do this. It's only Richie Tozier, the boy Eddie has had a crush on for the last 4 and a half years. All he needs to do is say yes to his offer of tutoring him; which he so blatantly denied when he first offered but that's beside the point, he didn't need the help then but he does now, but it's not that big of a deal. Right? So why can't he will himself to walk over to where he's sitting in the lunch area to ask him, just a few meters away.

His leg bounces anxiously, still starting at Richie, probably looking like a freak to any onlookers or even everyone else at his table, as he's been doing this for 10 minutes, (he started right after Beverley and Ben had to hype him up and convince him it would be fine for the first 30 minutes of lunch). Maybe he doesn't want to help anymore, or maybe he never did in the first place, that would be embarrassing. He shakes his head, trying to clear it as he looks back to the table and makes eye contact with Bill.

"You know, if you stare at him hard enough, you might just blow his head up."

Eddie glared at Bill, then looked back at Richie, conveniently just as Richie was looking at him as their eyes connected. Eddie flushed red from being caught and turned away, missing how Richie smiled at him and attempted to wave.

Richie and Eddie used to be friends back in middle school, then they started to drift in jr high and once high school came around, they never really talked much. He couldn't figure out if it was his fault Richie drifted away from him or if it was just inevitable, his brain likes to lean more towards the first option.

He hid his face in his arms, trying to hide his blush from his friends who were more than likely to poke fun at him for it. They knew about his crush on Richie that he developed in grade 8 that never really went away, and while they never made fun of him for that directly, they always made fun of how he acted when Richie was brought up in conversation or when he was around.

"Eddie, I know you like him but seriously," Beverly placed a hand on his forehead, gently pulling his face up to look at her. "But it will be fine, just go over and ask if he can help you with chemistry. He's offered to help before, he won't mind," she pointed over at his table, Eddie turning his head to look. "And the people he's sitting with won't mind either it's only Ben and Stanley. You know them."

"And," Bill interjected. "He keeps looking over here at you, I think he's expecting you to go over." Bill squinted his eyes at Richie's table, huffing and looking back down at his lunch. "If you don't go over soon he's probably gonna ask you why you kept staring at him all lunch."

Bill was right, Eddie needs to suck it up and just go talk to him, his chemistry mark relies on him asking. Looking over at Richie again, scrunching his nose up at that horrible floral shirt he was wearing, he stood up ready to go ask him. And then the bell rang, signalling classes starting and Eddie's complete failure. He groaned, putting his head into his hand. Bill and Beverly stood up, grabbing their bags as they went.

"Don't you have chemistry with him last today?"

"Yeah, Bill. Why are you asking, you know my schedule better than I do, shouldn't you know this?" taking his head out of his hand he looks at Bill, who was now beginning to head to his class.

"Ask him then."

He was right, maybe if he asked before class he won't think that he's a creepy stalker or something. He has one more chance to try and ask before the weekend. He'll ask before class starts, and depending on whether or not Richie says yes, he will finally no longer have to worry about failing chemistry.

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He didn't ask at the beginning of class. He was going to and was fully prepared with how he would word his question too, but when he entered the classroom Richie was talking (and probably flirting) with a girl who sits behind him. So he decided to wait until he was done talking, which didn't end up being until the professor shooed him into his seat so he could start class.

Now, it was the middle of class and as per usual, Eddie was processing none of it. He was doing well in the class at the beginning of the year, but his mom took him out of school for almost 2 weeks in the hospital, again, causing him to be behind in all his classes. He managed to catch up in all of his classes except for this one. The teacher was droning on about covalent bonds and Eddie was scribbling on the corner of his notes. He should be paying attention but he can't process anything the teacher is saying since he keeps mentioning things that "everyone should already know as it was already taught to you a month ago blah blah blah". Normally he wouldn't have a problem with teachers saying that but not everyone was taught it, and since its an advanced chemistry class the teacher didn't have time to teach him all the stuff he missed.

Staring out the window, Eddie began thinking about a plan of action. Richie always leaves as soon as the bell rings, so asking him after class wasn't an option. He doesn't want to wait until Monday, but he might have to. Scowling, he watched the little number of leaves left on the tree next to the window sway in the wind. Autumn was by far the best season in his view, it was just so pretty and when he had time, he liked to just lay under the trees in his backyard and just stare at the colours.

He zoned out for the remainder of class and before he knew it it was time for him to go home. He packed his stuff up and headed to the front of the school where he was waiting for Bill so they could walk home together when he got a text from Bill.

-B-B-Bill

Can't walk home with you today, I'm going to Stanley's.

Alright, it looks like he's just going straight home. Maybe he'll stop by the cafe and get some coffee before he goes home.

He jumps down the steps outside of the school, feeling the wind through his hair as he falls through the air just for a second, then begins making his way home. Although there's a more direct and faster route for him to get home, Eddie always walks through the public park, its just so much more calming to walk through nature than it is to walk next to roads and houses of people he will never know.

He is just about to turn in to the park when a body steps in front of him, causing him to stop to not collide into them and spill what appears to be a coffee in their hand judging by the smell, and another cup of something he didn't know what of. He looks up expecting to see Patrick or Bowers, what he wasn't expecting to see was Richie Tozier standing in front of him. He sucked in a sharp intake of breath, staring right at the last person he expected to stop him on his way home.

"Hey, Eds." Richie smiled sheepishly, almost as if he thought he wasn't allowed to talk to him anymore.

Eddie cracked a small smile. "Don't you remember how many times I told you I hate that name?" Richies' face visibly relaxed, glad to not have been shoved away by Eddie.

"And how many times have I told you that I know that's a lie?" there's that smirk Eddie's missed so much. Richie shoved a cup into Eddie's hands, "I got you your favourite, half hot chocolate, half coffee with whipped cream."

Eddie was stunned, he never expected Richie to remember something as minuscule as his favourite drink from the cafe they always went to. "O-oh.... Thanks, Richie." he stared down at his feet, digging his toe into the fallen leaves, not quite knowing what else to say.

"I wanted to talk to you."

Eddies' head snapped up, eyes wide. Richie wanted to talk. To him. His mouth opened and closed a few times before deciding to just

remain closed.

Richie laughed at Eddie's reaction, god how much Eddie missed that laugh. He always thought Richie had the nicest laugh, even before he developed a crush on him. It just sounds nice and soothing.

"C'mon," Richie bumped his shoulder with his hand and turned, walking into the park, Eddie snapping out of his frozen state to walk alongside him. "I just wanted to catch up, it's been a while."

Okay, good, he just wanted to catch up, and not point out Eddie's blatant staring earlier at lunch. "Yeah, it has been a while," he sipped his drink, still holding it between his hands to keep them warm.

"So let's walk and talk, I'll walk you home and we can catch up on the way," he looked over at Eddie. "I missed you, Eds."

Eddie smiled, shaking his head. "Of course you would, who wouldn't miss me?" there's that laugh again that Eddie loves so much.

"So, tell me everything new."

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Approaching Eddie's house faces sore from laughing and empty cups in their hands, Richie and Eddie were about to say goodbye with the promise of talking again when Eddie remembered what he wanted to ask him at lunch.

"Oh by the way" he took Richie's cup to throw out once he got inside. "Remember a little while ago when you offered to help me in chemistry but I declined?" Richie nodded. "I was wondering if I could maybe take you up on that offer? I'm sorta failing the class right now and I need to get my grades up before report cards come out and my mom sees."

"Oh! So that's why you were staring at me all lunch."

Eddie groaned and turned around, prepared to just leave Richie without a goodbye and accept that he embarrassed himself completely.

“Wait, Eddie,” Richie giggled out, grabbing Eddie’s wrist and turning him back around. “I’ll help you, honestly, the only reason why I built up the courage to come talk to you was that you were looking at me. I kinda thought you forgot I existed,” Richie’s smile faltered for a split second before it went back to normal, it was quick enough for anyone to notice, but Eddie noticed.

“I-”

“Here,” Richie cut him off and reached into his pocket, pulling his phone out and handing it to Eddie with a small smile. “Put your number in my phone and we can keep in touch and schedule whenever you need help from yours truly.”

Eddie grabbed his phone after sticking his tongue out at him, making a contact for himself in his phone then handing it back to him. He was about to say something but his mom opened the door behind him, calling him to get inside as it was cold and she doesn’t want him getting sick. He waved goodbye at Richie as he ran up to his front door to get inside before he had to face the wrath of his mom.

That night, after Richie texted him to confirm that he didn't give him a fake number and they scheduled for a tutoring session on Monday after school at Richie’s house, Eddie fell asleep with a smile on his face and his head clear for the first time in weeks.

2. Chapter 2

A repeating buzzing wakes Eddie from his evening naps the following Wednesday after Richie agreeing to help him study so he can pass his final and maybe not fail the class. Groaning, he blindly fumbles around for the source of his awakening, flinching from the bright light from his phone when he looked to see who was texting him so much and interrupting his quality nap time.

Richie:

hey

hey

eddieeeeeeeee

eddie spaghetti

eds

darling eddie

are you sleeping?

its 6 pm why would you be sleeping

wait maybe youre busy

nah probably not

eddieeeeeeeee

eds im not gonna last much longer without my darling eddie talking to me

Eds:

do you seriously have to text me 12 goddamn times??!!??

Richie:

well how else would i get your attention?

Eds:

uhm, wait?

i was sleeping!!

Richie:

im more important than sleep

anyway i wanted your attention for a reason eddie spaghetti

Eds:

fine. what could you POSSIBLY want that would warrant waking me up?

and make it quick. i have better things i could be doing right now.

Richie:

oooo

feisty

degrade me more eddie

Eds:

if you don't hurry the fuck up and explain what you wanted me for i'm blocking your number and going back to bed

Richie:

okay 1

that wouldnt work i would just come to your house and throw rocks
at your window and serenade you with my god like voice

and 2

do you wanna go get ice cream

Eds:

richie what the actual fuck.

also i would just tell my mom all the "stuff" youve been saying to me
and she will hit you with a bat if you so much as even breathe near
this house

it would only take 3 words

3 WORDS RICHIE

Richie:

youre threatening me with a good time eds ;)

who wouldnt want sonia tozier chasing after them? its every mans
dream come true

Eds:

...

Richie:

you still havent answered my question

Eds:

richie its the end of october

Richie:

and...?

ill pay

Eds:

give me 20 minutes

Richie:

:)

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Walking through the streets of derry in too-cold-for-ice-cream weather, on the way to get ice cream, Richie was currently trying to educate Eddie on what exactly they were talking about in chemistry. Now, Eddie wasn't stupid, and Richie made sure to at least tell him that from time to time, but the fact that Eddie *still* doesn't understand what is going on in that class fills him with an empty sort of dread.

"So how well are you following exactly? I'm not sure how well my wording is because I have my mind on ice cream right now, so I just wanna make sure I'm comprehensible."

Eddie looks over at Richie and sighs, then shakes his head. Richie gives him a grim smile, instead deciding to change the subject to whatever new topic came to his mind. Richie has always been able to just list off weird and random topics off the top of his head and talk about them for hours each, Eddie found it endearing, cute even. perhaps after they're done with ice cream Eddie could go over

Richie's house for a bit, it was still pretty early and Eddie managed to wrangle a later curfew from his mom, and it's not exactly like he has to tell her the truth about where he was going either, his mom never really liked Richie.

Walking through the doors of the ice cream shop, being held open by Richie bring back many fond memories, and Eddie can't help but smile.

"What are you smiling at Eds?" Richie walked towards the counter, already knowing what they both want.

"Memories," Eddie smiled, he'd been doing that a lot around Richie lately.

They ordered their ice cream and sat down in a booth they found in the corner, Eddie with his cookie dough ice cream and Richie with a chocolate monstrosity that Eddie doesn't even know how he manages to eat without getting sick. *Just another one of his many charms* , Richie always says.

"So," Richie shoves a spoonful of ice cream into his mouth before continuing. "Eddie spaghetti, I heard a little rumour, and I'm dying to know," he leans forward on his elbows, putting his face very close to Eddie's and pointing his spoon at his face. "That you, good chap, have a crush on someone."

Eddie's face turned beet red and he choked on the ice cream he was in the middle of eating before Richie spewed that fact on him. Eyes wide, frantically searching Richie's face for any hint that he knew the truth, Eddie attempted to mutter out a response but all that came out was a jumbled bunch of words that probably made Eddie look like a fish if it could speak basic English.

“W-wait what? W-w-where did you hear that?” At his stuttered words, red face, and attempted light laughter, Richie threw his arms up in the air, smiling victoriously as if he just answered a million-dollar question.

“Aha! I knew it!” He looked too smug for Eddie’s liking, but all he was concerned about was where he got this information.

“Answer the question, Tozier.”

“Oh, feisty Eddie is back, me likey,” Richie waggled his eyebrows, only answering when Eddie slapped him on the arm. “I actually heard it from Ben, who heard from Stanely, Who heard from Bill who heard from...” he moved his spoon in the air, flicking it slightly on each name, moving his eyes around with it too before coming at a stop an inch in front of Eddie’s face. “Who heard from you, my darling Eds.” Eddie wanted to wipe that dumb smirk right off of his face.

Eddie cursed beneath his breath, *fucking bill, can’t keep a secret from his boyfriend for the life of him.*

“Listen you don’t gotta tell me,” Richie raised his arms in surrender at Eddie’s prolonged silence and angry demeanour. “But my curiosity gets the best of me spaghetti, I just wanna know who the lucky gal is.”

Eddie’s slight smile from Richie not pressing on any further dropped.

*Of course*, he thinks. *He doesn't know about me*. He stares right at Richie, searching his face for any spark of realization to cross Richie's face, but none come. It's okay. It is though, right? It's normal to assume people are straight unless told otherwise. Plus, this is Derry. People don't approve of people like him here. He shouldn't feel as hurt as he does, but he just can't stop it. Just the thought that maybe, *maybe*, Richie doesn't support that kind of stuff. He shifts his gaze down to the table, trying to think of a reply. Should he tell Richie he's gay? Or should he just drop it and let him believe what he wants to believe. The second one would probably be the best option out of the two in this scenario.

He took too long to respond, being broken out of his thoughts by Richies' concerned voice cutting through the air.

"Eds...? Are you okay? I didn't go too far, did I? Did I say something wrong again?" he looks away from Eddie. "Shit, I did, didn't I?" he looked genuinely sorry for something he didn't even know he did. God, why did he have to be so perfect.

Panicking to form a response to try and stop Richie from digging himself into an even bigger hole, he doesn't even think before he speaks. "I don't like a girl, Richie."

Richie pauses, and Eddie's eyes widen. He did not mean to say that, not in the slightest. Oh god, now Richie is going to know, and he isn't going to want to hang out with him anymore. He fucked it all up. He has to leave. He has to get out of here, it feels too cramped. He doesn't want to hear what Richie has to say, he can't take Richie hating him or the things he will probably say. He just has to leave-

"Oh, so they made your crush up?" Richie visibly relaxes, Eddie can't

figure out if it was because he didn't do anything wrong or something else. He hums, "Yeah that sounds like something they'd do to fuck around with my neverending curiosity."

Huh, okay. So Richie is an even bigger idiot than Eddie thought. Oddly, Richie not catching on to the hidden meaning underlying Eddie's words does nothing to help calm him down, but he at least tries to look calm.

"Y-yeah, that's what they did."

"Huh, well, sorry for bursting that on ya Eds. but since you don't have a crush on anyone," he winked far too seductively for Eddie's liking. "That means you're still up for the taking, might have to get you for my own Eddie spaghetti, before anyone else does."

Eddie snorts, everything is back to normal. "That's not my name."

"Oh come on spaghetti head, you know you love the nicknames I have for you." Richie shoves the rest of his half-melted ice cream into his mouth

Yeah. "Nope. Come on, I've been sitting so long my ass has gone numb." he stands up, Richie following after.

"Hey," Eddie turns to Richie at the sound of his voice. "Do ya wanna come over for a bit? It's only 8 so you don't have to be in for another few hours."



Eddie smiles and nods his head. They throw their bowls out and head towards Richie's place, Eddie completely oblivious to the prolonged stares from Richie, and Richie completely oblivious to the longing stares Eddie has towards him for the rest of the night. And if he falls asleep on Richie's couch, he doesn't think about how he ended up in Richie's bed.

### **Notes for the Chapter:**

its december its time to party and drink hot choccy  
and eat candy cane